

BEREA PUBLISHING CO.
(INCORPORATED)
STANLEY FROST, Manager
Entered at the Post-office at Berea, Ky., as second class mail-matter.

THE CITIZEN

Devoted to the Interests of the Mountain People

Knowledge is power—and the way to keep up with modern knowledge is to read a good newspaper.

Vol. XI Five cents a copy.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, OCTOBER 14, 1909.

One Dollar a year. No. 16

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Taft Sent to Bed Till His Clothes Dried—Hearst Again Running for New York Mayor, Mixes Things up—Jerome Quits—U. S. Air Navy Begins Work.

TAFT GOES TO BED WHILE HIS CLOTHES DRY:—After having traveled nearly 100 miles by stage and on foot in and around the Yosemite Valley, President Taft reached El Portal, California, Saturday. The President was wet when he reached the foot of the trail today and had to go to bed in the Sentinel Hotel while his clothing was hung out in the sun to dry as he had only the one Norfolk jacket suit with him in the park.

JEROME NOT IN THE RUNNING:—William Travers Jerome has formally withdrawn from the contest for re-election as District Attorney. His statement says, "After careful consideration, it seems to me I ought no longer to continue as a candidate for the election to the office of District Attorney of New York county and I have today filed my declination of the nomination for that office."

200 A NIGHT SEEK CONVERSION:—Gipsy Smith preached to 8,000 people at the Seventh Regiment Armory ending the first week of his revival meetings in Chicago. An average of 200 persons have responded to the call to be converted.

GOES DOWN INTO VOLCANO:—Messrs. L. M. Hale, J. Reynolds and Ernest Moses, a photographer, descended into the pit of the crater of Mount Kilouea, taking photographs and remaining at the edge of the boiling lava thirty minutes. This is the first time the feat has been accomplished. Kilouea is one of the largest active volcanoes in the world and is on the east slope of Mauna Loa, Hawaiian Islands.

U. S. AERIAL NAVY BEGINS PRACTICE:—For the first time in history an aeroplane owned by the U. S. Government rose in the air here today circled about the field and returned to the starting place. Miss Columbia circled the field five times, obedient to the guiding hand of Wilbur Wright. This was the first of the flights to teach the army officers how to handle the new machine of war.

HEARST IN THE GAME:—William Randolph Hearst, the most prominent radical in the country, has accepted the nomination of the Independent as Mayor of New York, and brought about the endorsement by them of the entire Republican ticket, except for the office of Mayor. This makes a very peculiar situation. There are three nominees for mayor Gaynor, Tammany; Bannard, Republican; and Hearst, but only two tickets for the other offices. Tammany consented to nominate Gaynor who is a good man for Mayor, with the idea that it would be better to put up with a good Mayor than loose the whole ticket. Hearst will draw many votes from the whole Tammany ticket to the Republican list, and probably elect it, but as the Republican and Independent vote will be divided between himself and Bannard, Gaynor will probably be elected Mayor, with a full Republican ticket. This will be fortunate for the City, for the not a Republican, Gaynor is honest and Bannard has never had a chance of an election, anyway. There is some talk of his withdrawing in favor of Hearst, in which case Hearst will almost surely be elected.

MORSE MUST SERVE:—The U. S. Circuit Court has decided against C. W. Morse, the prominent financier, who was convicted of wrecking his banks, and he must go to the penitentiary, unless the Supreme Court saves him which is not likely. It is always a comfort to see some of the big thieves get what is coming to them.

Catching Mrs. Jones

If Mrs. Jones buys her coffee at Smith's each week—
If the coffee in your store is better than Smith's and cheaper—
Why, TELL MRS. JONES!
Don't dash wildly across the street to tell her, though; she'd laugh at you. Insert a sane, forceful advertisement in this paper about your coffee.
We'll catch her eye by making your ad. attractive. Then all that is left for you to do is to take in the money for the coffee Mrs. Jones buys.

EVERYBODY WINS

AT THE ADVERTISING GAME

It Saves Money for the Customer and Makes it for Both the Advertiser and the Editor—Why it Pays to Patronize the Man that Advertises—A Few Facts no Merchant Can Get Around.

Do you always get your full money's worth when you buy goods?

This is an article that every man, woman or child that is interested in that question will want to read. It is an article for the buyers of advertised goods. It explains why the advertiser will give a man more for his hard earned money than the man who does not advertise; it proves that for the man who wants to make the most out of his money it is pretty expensive to trade with the fellow who does not advertise.

The editor was in a store not a thousand miles from here the other day and heard the merchant bragging up his low prices:—

"We can give you better values than —" he said, "because we don't advertise. Advertising costs money, of course, and we save just that much. You get the benefit of what we don't pay the newspaper man, you see."

The argument sounded all right and the customer bought. We went to another store that does advertise, and found that it was selling the same goods at a lower price than the anti-advertiser. And that set us to thinking.

Maybe you have heard the same arguments used before. We have, and we believe you will be interested in the results of our thinking, for it shows why the man who advertises can sell the same goods cheaper than the man that doesn't.

The figures I am going to give you have been looked over by a first class business man, and he says that if any thing they do not make out a strong enough case for the advertiser. There ought to be a bigger difference in prices than they show. However, I have taken them as being surely on the safe side. Remember no merchant who is trying to prove that advertising does not pay the buyer can possibly prove any of these figures wrong. If a merchant tries to tell you differently from what these figures show, it is because he doesn't know, or don't want to know.

Every one knows that a merchant sells several times the value of his stock in a year. If he has a stock of \$1,000 for instance he will sell \$4,000 or \$5,000 worth in a year. His profit comes on the amount of goods he sells not on what he carries. If he can increase the amount he sells, without increasing his stock, he increases his profits just that much.

Now let us suppose that Mr. Wayne B. Hind has a stock worth \$2,000, and that in a year he sells \$7,500 worth of goods at 10 per cent profit, netting him \$750. If he pays for them promptly he gets 2 per cent off the cost, and he pays as fast as he takes in the money for the goods he sells; that is, he is able to "discount" on about \$2,000 worth. That saves him another \$40. In the year he has left on his shelves goods worth \$500 that hang over till they are shelf worn, or stale or out of style. He cuts prices on these, and sells about \$250 at cost. Then he cuts again and sells \$200 worth at 25 per cent loss (\$50) and he loses entirely \$50 worth. Here then is his balance sheet:—

PROFIT		
10 per cent on \$7,500	750	
2 per cent discount on \$2,000	40	
		790
LOSS		
\$200 at 25 per cent off	50	
\$50 not sold	50	
		100
Net profit		690

This is a nice, comfortable profit on a small business, you see. Now, how about the advertiser?

Suppose, again, that Mr. Upto Date had been doing just the same kind of a business—that is, he had the same capital, trade, credit, stock, good will, and everything else, and the same profit. But he thinks the home paper is a good thing for the town, and he decides to help it out with \$100 worth of advertising, even if he does lose by it. He decides that customers shall not lose, and so he goes on doing business at the same 10 per cent rate of profit. Now \$100 is a good deal to pay for advertising—we may remark in passing that no merchant has ever paid us that much in any one year. No one that patron-

(Continued on Fourth Page)

"Ignorance excuses no man" is a good legal maxim, and it is just as true in other things than law. The man who fails because of ignorance of things he might have known cannot be excused. And the newspaper is the greatest foe of ignorance. Every man that is trying to do his best takes at least one.

WHEN THE LAND WEARS OUT.

The farm is the basis of most of the wealth of our country. As the farmers prosper, so the wealth of the country increases, and no riches in other forms can ever make permanently prosperous a country where the farmer is poor and ground down.

When we find, therefore, that in a part of our country the farms are growing poorer, we know that the prosperity of the whole country is in danger. And especially we know that poverty and hardship face the people who will be forced to live on the farms.

That is the condition in our Kentucky mountains today. The farms are wearing out. The hillside fields are being abandoned. In an hour's ride up the rich Sexton's Creek country this summer the editor counted twenty-nine such fields—fields where the richness stored in a thousand years of forestation had been taken out by the rains and a few years cultivation without fertilizers, and where cultivation has been given up. And there are practically no new fields to go to. Crops are getting smaller, corn higher, and living poorer and more costly.

At the same time the population of the mountains is increasing. Many of the young people are leaving home, it is true, but still there are more mouths to feed from these poor farms each year. The timbering and other industries help for a time, but cannot last, and the poor farms and large families mean that in due time, perhaps soon, the standard of living in our mountains will have to go down—unless something is done about it. The one great comfort in the situation is that something can be done about it, if the farmers will only take the trouble.

There are considerable quantities of good land in the bottoms and on the benches. These fields can be cultivated by the most improved methods, and if they are so treated, the amount that they produce could easily be doubled—probably tripled. A first class corn field can be made to bear seventy-five bushels to the acre. An average mountain farm will usually produce about twenty-five—one third as much. And the difference would be, not in the richness of the land, but in the methods of cultivation. Land can be made rich, and methods can produce better results from poor lands, but poor methods will not produce good results with the best of land. "There is more in the man than there is in the land," as is shown in the little poem printed on this page.

And the time has come when we mountain people have got to learn how to get the most out of our land. And to do it we have got to put more into the man that is working the land. We have got to learn the "new-fangled" methods which are making old land produce big crops, and which are making it possible for a single man to get larger crops far the same amount of land. We have got to learn how to make our bottom and bench lands produce more than the old hill-sides ever did. If we don't learn all this, we will soon find ourselves poorer than ever.

There is not a doubt in the world that all these things can be learned. Many men in this country today know how to do them—there are whole sections where all the farmers are doing them. And they work indefinitely, so that the fields of Europe, which have been farmed for thousands of years, are today producing bigger crops than the new lands of the West—the richest in the world. It is what there is in the man that does it.

Most of us are too old to go to school to learn the new methods any more, but none of us are too old to learn. And to make it possible for all to learn in the best and easiest way The Citizen has arranged with Francis O. Clark to write for us a series of articles on "Intensive Farming" which will tell these things which we need to know. There is no doubt of Mr. Clark's ability to write them. All farmers who wish to know these new methods and make their farms bear more, will want to read these articles, for they will be more complete, more easily understood, and more helpful than any series ever before printed in the mountains. The articles will begin this week—don't forget to look for them every week for a while.

Thar's More in the Man Than Thar is in the Land.

By Sidney Lanier.

I knowed a man, which he lived in Jones, Which Jones is a county of red hills and stones, And he lived pretty much by gittin' of loans, And his mules was nothin' but skin and bones, And his hogs was flat as his corn-bread pones, And he had 'bout a thousand acres o' land.

This man—which his name it was also Jones—He swore that he'd leave them old red hills and stones, Fur he couldn't make nuthin' but yallerish cotton, And little o' 'dat, and his fences was rotten, And what little corn he had, 'it was boughten And dinged ef a livin' was in the land.

And the longer he swore the madder he got, And he riz and he walked to the stable lot, And he hollered to Tom to come that and hitch Fur to emigrate somewhar whar land was rich, And to quit raisin' cock-burrs, thistles and sich, And a wastin' ther time on the cussed land.

So him and Tom they hitched up the mules, Pestertin' that folks was mighty big fools That 'ud stay in Georgy ther lifetime out, Jest scratchin' a livin' when all of 'em mought Git places in Texas whar cotton would sprout By the time you could plant it in the land.

And he driv by a house whar a man named Brown Was a livin', not fur from the edge o' town, And he bantered Brown fur to buy his place, And said that bein' as money was skace, And bein' as sheriffs was hard to face, Two dollars an acre would git the land.

They closed at a dollar and fifty cents, And Jones he bought him a waggin and tents, And loaded his corn, and his wimmin, and truck, And moved to Texas, which it tuck, His entire pile, with the best of luck, To git thar and git him a little land.

But Brown moved out on the old Jones' farm, And he rolled up his breeches and bared his arm, And he picked all the rocks from off'n the groun', And he rooted it up and he plowed it down, Then he sowed his corn and his wheat in the land.

Five years glid by, and Brown, one day (Which he'd got so fat that he wouldn't weigh), Was a settin' down, sorter lazily, To the bullestin' dinner you ever see, When one o' the children jumped on his knee And says, "Yan's Jones, which you bought his land."

And thar was Jones, standin' out at the fence, And he hadn't no waggin, nor mules, nor tents, Fur he had left Texas afoot and cum To Georgy to see if he couldn't git sum Employment, and he was a lookin' as hum-ble as ef he had never owned any land.

But Brown he axed him in, and he sot Him down to his vittles smokin' hot, And when he had filled himself and the floor Brown looked at him sharp and riz and swore That, "whether men's land was rich or poor Thar was more in the man than thar was in the land."

GAME WITH CENTRAL

The third and worst defeat of the year was administered to the Berea football team at Danville Saturday, when Central beat it 63-0. The game was entirely in Central's hands from the start—not a single Berea play went off right, and the boys were simply knocked off their feet by Central's fine work. Berea fought gamely to the end, but several of the men were sick from the hard trip over and could not play their usual game and others were overawed by the big Danville men. Never for a minute at a time did Berea play even the grade of ball she was able to. When she did, she gained, but the men did not keep it up. Even the simplest things were done wrong, tackles were missed—one time five men in succession failed to stop a man they all got their hands on—when there was a fumble Central almost always recovered the ball, and so forth.

But with the best of work Berea could put out, she would have been heavily outclassed. She was outweighed over ten pounds to the man, and her men were many of them green, against a team made largely of veterans. Central's men played with perfect coolness, and used their heads at all times. Their coach, Banks, seems to be the brainiest in the state this year. Central has a fine team, and seems likely to take the championship.

The game was perfectly clean, and too much cannot be said of the treatment accorded the men both by the players and the crowd. No fault could possibly be found with officials or team, and if it had not been for the score, nothing would have marred the pleasure of the trip.

The defeat does not mean that Berea is in a hopeless condition for the fall. If the same amount of work had been put in before the State game, there would not have been more than two touchdowns. The boys were simply carried off their feet, and there is every hope that with enough hard work and training a first class showing can be made in the four games yet to come.

A deficit in the finances of the athletic association has been accumulating for some years, and has this fall reached the point where the burden has become almost intolerable to the officers of the association and those who are supporting athletics. A movement is on foot to raise sufficient funds to clear off the heaviest part of the present incumbrance, and an attempt will be made to find some plan which will assure better support in future.

A pleasant surprise. The warm bath that goes with a stop over at the Boone Tavern.

KENTUCKY GAME LAW

The quail shooting season closes January 1. Rabbits can be killed ten months in the year from November 15 to September 15. The open seasons for squirrels extend from November 15 to February 1 and from June 15 to September 15. Quail shooting is lawful only six weeks in the year, from November 15 to January 1. But few persons understand the law protecting game in this state and the penalties for violating same. The following table gives the open season for all kinds of game. Open dates include first date but not last date given:

Squirrel—June 15 to Sept. 15.
Squirrel—Nov. 15 to Feb. 1.
Woodcock—June 20 to Feb. 1.
Doves—Aug. 1 to Feb. 1.
Ducks and Geese—Aug. 15 to Apr. 1.
Deer—Sept. 1 to March 1.
Wild Turkey—Sept. 1 to Feb. 1.
Rabbits—Nov. 15 to Sept. 15.
Quail, Partridge and Pheasants—Nov. 15 to Jan. 2.
No open season for English, Mongolian or Chinese Pheasants.
License—Non resident, same as a Kentuckian would have to pay in applicant's state, plus 50 cents.
Prohibited—Sale or transportation of bird or fowl killed within state.
Netting and trapping birds is prohibited.
Hunter may be transported with his game.
Penalty for violation, \$5 to \$25.00.
Netting, seining, trapping, poisoning or dynamiting fish is prohibited.
Song birds and other insectivorous birds protected the year round.
The possession of rabbits, squirrels or other game is prima facie evidence of guilt, and each fowl or animal constitutes a separate offense.
Ever eat fried or baked chicken at the Boone Tavern? Yum! yum!

Daily Thought.

Every noble life leaves the fiber of it interwoven forever in the works of the world.—Ruskin.

IN OUR OWN STATE

Night Riders Breaking Out Again—Burley Headquarters Go to Lexington—Bad Fires in Winchester and Burnside—Powers Warmly Received on Tour.

POLK ROOT KILLS TWO BOYS:—Two sons of Mrs. Ben Pickard of Fulton, Ky., age eight and five years, ate polk root for sweet potatoes and died. The mother tried to commit suicide from grief.

Ed Clatz, entryman for the Big Hill coal Company at Idamay, was killed by falling slate. Mr. Clatz was seventeen years old and unmarried. This is the first accident of the kind at the mines since the company began operation.

BURLEY HEADQUARTERS MOVED TO LEXINGTON:—The Burley Tobacco Society voted to move their headquarters from Winchester to Lexington, after a contest of forty-eight hours. Winchester made a hard fight but lost on a vote of 28 to 8.

SENATOR LINDSAY LINGERS AT DEATH'S DOOR:—Senator William Lindsay, once a member of the U. S. Senate and a lawyer of national fame lies at death's door at his home in Frankfort. Senator Lindsay has been in bad health for some months but was not thought to be seriously ill until a few weeks ago. He suffered a sudden sinking spell Friday, and death seems to be only a matter of a few days or hours.

\$75,000 FIRE AT BURNSIDE:—The town of Burnside, situated on the Queen and Crescent railroad, where it crosses the Cumberland River was partially destroyed by fire last Friday. The business portion of the town, situated in the valley was totally destroyed entailing a loss of \$75,000.

At a meeting of the members of the American Association of Trotting Horses Breeders held at the Phoenix Hotel, at Lexington, Thursday night it was decided to take no action on the "3 in 5 heat" question but the members expressed the opinion that such a plan was sometimes too hard on a horse.

BRADLEY GUESSED WRONG:—The night riders are at work again in the tobacco districts, in spite of the new tobacco tax law, which Sen. Bradley promised the Government would put a stop to night riding. There have been several attacks on individuals, barns have been burned and last year's conditions seem likely to be repeated, although checked some what by Gov. Willson's declaration that so far as he has power he will stand by the right of every man to do as he pleases in the matter.

POWERS ON STUMP:—Favorable reports of the speeches of Caleb Powers are coming in from many places in the Eleventh, where he is making a lecture tour. Large crowds are turning out to hear him at every opportunity, and his friends are confident of his winning the nomination to Congress.

WINCHESTER FIRE:—A fire in Fairfax Street, Winchester Tuesday morning resulted in a loss of \$30,000, and among other buildings wiped out was that of the Fire Department itself.

The traveling public are surprised at such luxury for \$2.00 per day, at Boone Tavern.

PEARSONS WRITES OF BEREA

(Lexington Leader)

Interest in Berea College and its work has been manifested by D. K. Pearsons, of Hinsdale, Ill., and he has already contributed to the support of that college. Gov. Willson has received a letter from Mr. Pearsons expressing the hope that Berea will prosper and furnish a means of education for the young men and women of the mountains. Mr. Pearsons did not send an additional contribution. The letter to the Governor is as follows:

Hinsdale, Ill., Sept. 27, 1909.—Gov. Willson: Thank you for your good letter. I am ambitious to have Berea show to the world that poor boys and girls can be educated. At this time, Berea is ahead of all the colleges in this country. Park College, Mo., comes next. The lesson that Berea is teaching will have a great influence.

Vermont, my native State, is awake to the new conditions. The mountain farmers cannot spend \$600 or \$800 a year to send their girls to Vassar, Smith's or Wellesley. I am helping build a dormitory at Middlesburg College, where we expect the girls can live for \$100 a year.

Berea is proving what can be done, and I say help them. No place like Berea in this country. The poor boys and girls of the mountain homes are worthy of help. It pays to help them. Truly,
D. K. PEARSONS.